

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—CORPUS.



THE RULING PASSION.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.

CHAPTER VII.—MID-DAY MEDITATION.

BARRY entered the quiet house softly, and hushed her footsteps as she trod the creaking planks of the boarded passage which conducted her to the parlour. The doors of several other apartments opened into it, large, lofty, panelled rooms, which had once been painted in delicate colours, and skilfully decorated, but which were fallen into disuse, and lay empty and unfurnished, the walls showing many a crack and

stain, and the moulded ceilings falling away in irregular patches. At the door of the largest of these deserted rooms Barry paused, and finally, after a little hesitation, ventured to enter it. It was a very spacious, antique saloon, with four windows, the window-sills of which were low enough and wide enough to form comfortable seats. The ceiling still retained, almost uninjured, its moulding of grapes and vine-leaves, and the panels of the wall showed some traces of a delicate green tint. The old-fashioned mantel-piece preserved its facing of Dutch

tiles; and upon each side of the immense fireplace was a recess nearly large enough for an ordinary sitting-room. Barry stole in noiselessly, and was stepping across the uncarpeted floor to the windows, when she caught sight of an occupant of the seemingly empty room, seated in the farthest corner of one of the recesses.

It was a woman nearly seventy years of age, with bands of snow-white hair smoothed across a broad and scarcely wrinkled forehead. The dress of this person was scrupulously plain and simple, consisting of a coarse brown stuff gown, made of as little material as possible, a coarse but spotlessly white neck-handkerchief pinned at the throat, and a small mob-cap of white muslin, with no shred of lace or ribbon about it. She was seated in a common wooden chair, such as are seen in kitchens, but a little lowered to suit her height, for she was as short and small as a child of twelve. Her hands were folded together, in a calm attitude of waiting, upon her lap; and her eyes, which were nearly covered by the eyelids, were apparently fixed upon them. There was no ripple of movement upon the face of this aged woman, but an expression of profound and almost awful quietude pervaded every feature. She seemed to be withdrawn to some infinite distance from the petty, carking cares, and still more trivial pleasures of this life. To all appearance she remained insensible to Barry's intrusion; and she, with a start which had something of panic in it, turned quickly away, and retreated to the parlour, whither Nanny had sent her.

The parlour retained still some traces of an effort to make it habitable, nay, even comfortable. There was her uncle's three-cornered leather arm-chair, and an old settee against the wall covered with faded chintz. At some distant period in the past Mr. Lloyd had attempted to repaint the walls himself, and having bought some cheap blue paint, had succeeded in covering the time-stains of former years with a thin coat of colour. A set of home-made book-shelves, consisting of three deal boards hung together by some green window-cord, ornamented the space between the two windows, and contained the joint library of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd's books were chiefly of the class represented by "Every Man his own Lawyer." Mrs. Lloyd's studies seemed bounded within equally clear and well-defined limits. There were "The Imitation of Christ," Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and "Grace Abounding," a translation of the Life and Hymns of Madame Guyon, Wealey's "Christian Perfection," and kindred volumes, each bearing the marks of frequent perusal. Barry had looked them over before, but to-day she gazed upon them with that feeling of an unsatisfied want which makes one long for satisfaction somewhere. It was a sudden depression coming after the buoyancy of the morning. She chose from the shelves the Life of Madame Guyon, and gathering up her cold feet on the settee, tried to lose herself in its pages.

But the house was too quiet. Here there was no sound to be heard indoors or out. There was a ringing in her ears of the ceaseless roll and din of the busy streets she had left in the morning, but it only seemed to make the dead silence more deadly; and the thought of her aunt, white and motionless, in the chill of the great saloon, made her shiver as if death was present in the house. There was not even a clock to strike, for in the courtyard of Clunbury Heath House stood an ancient sun-dial, with its worn-out motto, "Tempus fugit," and the small house-

hold regulated itself by its shadow. But at last, after a weary waiting, Nanny appeared, carrying in her morsel of dinner for Barry, and bringing with it the intelligence that her mistress had not yet come out of her meditations. Barry could scarcely eat, and the meal was soon over, and then she sat down again to her book. How the time had crept by she scarcely knew, when the door opened slowly and noiselessly, and the slight figure, and calm, grave face of her aunt came in. Uttering a little scream of relief and gladness, Barry sprang to her feet, and threw her arms about the placid old lady.

"Oh, aunt! I thought you would never come!" she cried, "I have been here ever since twelve o'clock, and now, look! it is nearly three by my watch. You didn't know I was coming? No. But aren't you glad to see me? Just say you are not angry with me for taking you by surprise."

"Angry, child? No, you are welcome," replied her aunt, affectionately, yet with a habitual sort of coldness which hung about her like a cloud; "but is there anything amiss at home which brings you here now?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" exclaimed Barry, "there's a great deal amiss, and I am come to ask my uncle to help us. My father has lost his situation, and of course his salary, all through these horrible times, and we shall have nothing to live upon, unless my uncle will lend us some money till the war and the cotton famine are over."

"Tell me about it quietly and calmly, child," said Mrs. Lloyd, seating herself by the cold, dark grate, in which a fire was laid ready to light, but was not yet kindled. The old lady shivered, and Barry shivered, but neither suggested the kindling of the dry gorze, which formed the foundation of the future fire.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lloyd, when Barry had finished her narration, "your uncle is a poor man himself, and he has had several heavy losses this year. I am afraid he cannot do much to help you."

"But he cannot be a poor man," persisted Barry, "my father says so, and we know that all Lloyd Terrace belongs to him, and till this year the rents have been paid to the day, and the houses have never been vacant. That has brought him in six or seven hundred a year for the last ten years, and you cannot spend more than a hundred yourselves in the way you live, and this place being your own, with no rent to pay. There are £5,000 clear that we can make out, with interest and compound interest upon it, I don't know how much. Oh! my uncle must be rich."

Barry spread out her calculations before her aunt with the candour and energy of a child; and Mrs. Lloyd felt no sentiment but one of simple perplexity.

"My dear," she said, in her calm, tranquil voice, "your uncle has told me that Lloyd Terrace is mortgaged to the utmost, and I know that when he receives the rents, he pays the whole over to some creditor or other. We are living exclusively upon the interest of my own money, two thousand pounds invested at four per cent. That is eighty pounds a year only, and it barely suffices for the maintenance of my husband and Nanny and myself, and the few charities we allow ourselves; for David and I agreed upon our marriage, to give a tenth of our substance, whatever it might be, to God. It has not pleased him to entrust us with worldly prosperity, but he gives us of the riches of his pleasure and his grace."

Barry was staggered by what she heard. That

her aunt was speaking the simple truth, as she believed it, there could not be a doubt. There was a candour beyond suspicion in her eyes, in her tone, in the grave tranquillity of her manner. It was part of her belief that God had allotted to her a life of privation, and she accepted her lot willingly and cordially. Barry looked from her calm face round the comfortless room, and compared it with the elegance and luxury of her own home. Poverty had set its mark everywhere. Was it possible that it could be true? Had she been leaning upon a broken reed in supposing her uncle had the power to aid his brother in this crisis of his affairs? Until now she had only doubted his reluctance to part with the money, which they all thought he was loving with the passion of a miser. But could it be true that he was actually a poor man?

"I do not know what we shall do," she said, tearfully; "there is no chance whatever of papa getting another commission, for there are hundreds of other people in the same position, and all the daughters are trying to get situations as governesses. When I go home I shall send away the servants, and get Mab to help me to do the work. But that will not provide us with food and fire. We can do without new clothes for a year or so, I dare say, but we cannot do without food and fire. And we have only thirty pounds left; and my father will be sure to spend some of that before I get back."

Already Barry was thinking anxiously of the small sum, which would be so apt to melt away in Mr. Christopher Lloyd's pockets, and wishing that by some means she had got it into her own keeping. Her aunt broke in upon her reflections by a slight stir, and a glistening of expectation upon her quiet face.

"David is coming, Barry," she said; "he will be surprised to see you here."

A slow and shambling step was coming along the passage, as of a person clumsily and badly shod; and through the doorway came a short, thin old man, whose whole aspect betokened a hard struggle to keep up anything like a decent appearance. His features were keen and hunger-bitten; and his eyes seemed sharp enough to detect a stray pin in any of the numerous crevices of the boarded floor. His hair was scanty, and of a dry, dull white. His pinched lips formed a straight line across his face. He had few teeth left, and his cheeks were hollow; and his high, narrow forehead seemed compressed at the sides. His coat, a rusty black one, ten years old in fashion, hung loosely about his withered figure, as if it had been made for some larger frame. The feet, which Barry had heard dragging along the passage, were encased in heavy, hobnailed shoes, well patched, and tied with some blackened whiplash. There was, however, no expression of surprise, but something of dissatisfaction in the keen gaze he gave to his niece, as he submitted ungraciously to her kiss.

"Something the matter at home?" he said, in a thin, sharp voice, in keeping with his thin, sharp features.

"No, uncle," answered Barry, "they are all quite well, especially my father. Don't be frightened about them."

"We never expected to see you here," he remarked, gruffly.

"Oh!" cried Barry, the ready tears springing to her eyes again, "I've been telling my aunt all about

it. The Devoniishes cannot employ my father any longer, and it is impossible for him to get anything else, and we shall soon be without a penny in the world."

"I thought you told me there was nothing the matter," said Mr. Lloyd, contemptuously.

"I meant they were all quite well," answered Barry; "I could bear any trouble rather than seeing them ill, or losing one of them."

"Humph!" replied her uncle, with a face strongly expressive of scorn for her sentiments. Mr. Lloyd was sparing of his speech, as of everything else; and he shrank from any further conversation upon the subject which Barry's flurried words had opened. He turned back to the door, and called shrilly to Nanny to bring in the supper; and then he stepped across the room to his wife's seat, and stooped down to kiss her calm face, which brightened up a little at his approach.

"My dear," he said, "did you have a good noon-tide to-day?"

"Oh, yes," she answered softly, "a very happy time. My spirit seemed as if it had escaped from this body altogether, and I felt neither cold nor hunger. For three hours I held communion with the Unseen."

A swift, subtle light gleamed across Mr. Lloyd's mean features, but he said nothing to betray the secret of his satisfaction. Barry, however, caught a sudden glimpse of it, which made her heart sink, and provoked in it an instinctive feeling of dread and aversion towards her uncle.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOURS WITH A MYSTIC.

The supper which was brought in was meagre enough to satisfy the most self-mortifying ascetic. It consisted of potatoes, baked in their skins (in the neighbour's oven, Nanny remarked, as she placed the dish upon the table), a plateful of ripe blackberries, gathered by the neighbour's grandchild, and a few thin slices of coarse bread. For Mrs. Lloyd and Barry some weak tea had been made by Mr. Lloyd himself before entering the parlour, but he quenched his own thirst by draughts of buttermilk, which was freely given away by the wife of a neighbouring farmer. The meal was taken with but few attempts at conversation; and as soon as it was finished the old man leaned back in his chair with closed eyes, as though unwilling to waste either his speech or his sight. Mrs. Lloyd took up a stocking she was knitting for him of yarn so rough as to rub and fray the skin of her fingers, and keep up a small but perpetual penance; but she knitted on perseveringly, with occasional interruptions of severe fits of coughing, until long after the room had been wrapped in complete darkness. Barry sat still, and listened to the distant sounds of Nanny blundering in the dark over her work in the kitchen and yard. At last she heard the dog unchained, and the outer door well locked and bolted, and then Nanny made her appearance with a small candle, which she did not light until she had set the candlestick down upon the table out of the draught of the door. This accomplished, she brought a large old Bible, laid it upon the table, and placed a chair before it for her mistress. It was a nightly ceremony which had not varied for years; and then Nanny seated herself at the door, where her eye commanded the long vista of the passage, and the black gloom of the kitchen beyond. Mrs. Lloyd took her place, and read a chapter aloud in a low, subdued, awe-stricken tone,

as if half fearful of pronouncing the sacred words. At the close of it, her husband left his seat, and approached the table. From past experience he knew how long a time would be occupied in devotion, for which light would not be needed. So with characteristic carefulness he dropped the extinguisher upon the little flame of the candle, and they knelt down in the darkness. The subdued, awe-stricken voice stole softly upon the silence again in words of prayer, but it gained power and a strange eloquence as the mystic soul of the aged woman poured itself out before God. It was a soliloquy rather than a petition; a thinking aloud upon the perfections of an invisible friend. She asked for nothing, made no supplication; but now and then it seemed as if she answered a voice which spoke to her, inaudible to other ears. Barry listened breathlessly and without weariness, though her aunt's abstraction made her forgetful of the flight of time, and unconscious that others were about her. Nanny breathed heavily, and pushed her chair against the wall to steady it, and secure for herself a comfortable attitude; and Mr. Lloyd from time to time uttered a sound between an "Amen" and a groan, but his wife evidently heard nothing, and felt no weariness herself. All pain and feebleness of body were gone, for the heavens seemed as if they were opened to her, and the ear of the Eternal bent to the voice of her breathing. Barry's pulse quickened, her heart throbbed, and from the influence of sympathy a feeling of mingled wonder and awe took hold of her. When at last the impassioned and fervid voice, which had begun to falter with intense eagerness, failed and ceased to speak, it seemed to her as though some spell of very wonderful enchantment had suddenly snapped asunder.

The room to which Nanny conducted her was four times the size of her own comfortable chamber at home, but it was so meagrely furnished that at another time Barry would have felt chilly and solitary in it. But the exaltation of her spirit was not yet passed. The effect of her aunt's marvellous prayer had been to lift her up above all earthly influences. If she had been bidden to lie down to rest, as Jacob did of old, upon the bare ground, with a stone for her pillow, and the open sky above her, she would have composed herself to sleep, with the conviction that she would see the angels of God ascending and descending between heaven and earth. Her cares for the present and the future were gone altogether; and her excited feeling buoyed up her spirit. It seemed the easiest thing in life to leave the whole ordering of her own lot, and the lot of her beloved ones, to the direction of the Divine Providence.

But the morning dawned after a sleep without any mystic dreams, and this enthusiasm had evaporated. As Barry opened her eyes the great, bare room struck upon her as comfortless and poverty-stricken; and the uncurtained windows, against which the fading leaves of a sycamore-tree were beating, seemed to admit only a cheerless, common light. It was raining the thick, monotonous rain of autumn, and only a part of the heath was visible through the mist. She sat in one of the broad window-sills looking out on the dismal dropping of the rain for an hour or two, before she heard Nanny stirring about the house. There was not much work to be done; and Mr. Lloyd did not like his little household to be up too early, getting a ravenous appetite for breakfast. Mrs. Lloyd

took a cup of tea and a slice of dry toast in bed; so when Barry entered the parlour she found herself alone with her uncle. He was very quiet as they sat together at the table, and watched Barry, who ate with the healthy hunger of a young girl after being awake and up for two hours, with a look of mingled surprise and apprehension. When she finished, after eating all the hard toast upon the table, he heaved a sigh of relief and regret.

"I am ready now to hear what you have to tell me about your father," he said.

Barry was very eager to tell her story, and she told it with a good deal of natural eloquence. Once or twice Mr. Lloyd felt an unusual sensation of choking in his throat, and a feeble warmth at his heart, which he could have remembered, had he made the effort, as having once been a healthy glow, when he was the age of Barry. But though his thoughts went back to the past it was only to recall how rich he had been in health, and strength, and energy then. Yes, he could work for long hours at a time, and feel only a pleasant fatigue after it. If he had only been as prudent in the expenditure of his money in those days of youthful extravagance and folly as he was now, what a wealthy man he would have been by this time! He had lost himself in these useless calculations when Barry's fresh young voice finished speaking, and the pause awoke him from his reverie.

"My wife and I have talked it over," he said, "and I have promised her to go up to Manchester and see your father, and how his affairs stand. We are poor people, very poor; and I shall have hard work to scrape together the money for my fare there and back. But I'll go and give Christopher my advice, and you can stay here with your aunt till I come back. It will save your keep at home, and Nanny will teach you some lessons in economy. I dare say you never make use of oatmeal in your house; it is the most nourishing article of diet, and the cheapest, as the canny Scot knows. With the proper use of oatmeal, you might do very well with meat dinners only twice a week or so. We do it often, and while I'm away you can make a trial of it. Take my word, your health, and your father's, would be the better for it."

Barry's thoughts reverted for an instant to the hot, dainty suppers her father was accustomed to add to his substantial breakfasts and dinners. Oatmeal diet would be welcome enough to herself, but she shrank a little, with the natural, wholesome pride of a housewife, from placing such lenten fare before her father.

"If Christopher has no work to do," pursued her uncle, "he must stay quietly indoors, and not go rambling about to make himself hungry. Idle men generally eat more than busy ones, because they will ramble about and talk. Talking too much makes you hungry; so does singing. I've been obliged to forbid Nanny to sing. Your aunt is the only person I know who can speak a good deal, and not want something to eat after it; but when she feels as she did last night, she does not care for her breakfast in the morning. You had better begin to take notice of the things which provoke your own appetite, so that you may avoid them. You ought to begin at once."

"Yes, uncle," answered Barry, with a sickening of heart, as if she was one of a famished crew put upon the smallest possible allowance.

"When you do walk out," continued Mr. Lloyd, "you should gather blackberries to bring home, and eat as many as you can; they cost nothing, and are very wholesome. The haws are not bad either; I've stayed my stomach with them at odd times. You know the little red haws? But in walking along the lanes or the heath be sure you walk on the grass instead of the stones, which cut your boots. You must make it your constant study to save all wear and tear of your clothes; for clothes cost money."

"Yes, uncle," repeated Barry, sadly.

"You'll soon discover a number of ways of being careful," resumed Mr. Lloyd, warming with his subject. "If my girl Ellen had only lived I should have trained her into all my plans, and Mark Fletcher would have had a fortune in his wife! Your aunt is pretty well for not spending, but she would give her own clothes away to the poor, if I let her have more than one set at a time. So now, Barry, you will have a fair chance of beginning while I am away; and I will tell Nanny to be as near as she can in her housekeeping as long as you are here. It will be a good school for you; and I'll try to put them into a fair way at home for you in Manchester."

Mr. Lloyd rubbed his wizened hands together with a faint ray of benevolence upon his face, which tended in some measure to reassure Barry. Her sanguine and unsuspicious nature interpreted his instructions into a somewhat particularising effort to enjoin upon her a general economy, which she was quite willing and anxious to adopt. He was going to Manchester to put her father into a fair way of getting on; and then it would be her business to manage carefully their diminished income. She would follow her uncle's counsels so far as to learn how to make oatmeal the staple of daily consumption for herself and the younger ones; but as for setting it before her father—Barry smiled at the mere thought of it.

For the rest of the day Mr. Lloyd was as busy making ready for his departure as if he had had a large business to leave. He measured out the fuel for each day of his absence, and furnished the kitchen cupboard with some carefully-weighed allowances of groceries and butter, entrusting the key to Nanny, with whom he held several prolonged and earnest conversations. The bread he was compelled to leave almost wholly to her fidelity and discretion, and he impressed upon her the importance of the trust. Having thus set his house in order, and provided for its daily necessities until the expected period of his return, he bade them farewell, and proceeded alone to the station.

It seemed to have been very near the truth that Mr. Lloyd had experienced some difficulty in scraping together the money for his fare; for the small sum was composed of various thin and worn coins, including, to the great disgust of the ticket clerk, two mouldy green farthings, which were not a little doubtful in their appearance; but as it was difficult to establish their worthlessness, and Mr. Lloyd was well known to be extremely obstinate for himself, the clerk swept them scornfully into his till. He was pushed unceremoniously into a carriage, and took his seat beside a woman three times the size of himself, who was travelling with two remarkably fine children. The three were being conveyed for a single fare, and paid no more than himself; an injustice and monstrous anomaly which weighed heavily upon Mr. Lloyd's spirits. He could not refrain from brooding

over it, and seeking some mode of redress; but in vain, for it could not be hoped that the railway company would take him and his light luggage by weight. He grew more and more irritated with his sense of loss, and grudged the four shillings and ninepence which this journey was costing him. He entered Manchester with the determination to get his expenses paid by some means or other.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

WE are not now going to speak about education, and other moral appliances or remedial measures. These are all commendable and right, and we hope to reap good fruits from them hereafter. But in the meanwhile a much more urgent question is waiting for solution. For a long time past there has been growing in the public mind an undefined yet serious misgiving on the score of safety to life and limb—to say nothing of property. The grounds of this alarm, which may be affirmed to be daily on the increase, are not far to seek, and indeed every day's report in the public journals is but too well calculated to augment it. It seems as though the old bad time of the last century, or the first decades of this, when peaceable people feared to walk London streets after sunset without protection, were returning upon us and bringing a worse state of things with it. We have now open robbery in the broad daylight, accompanied at times with the most savage violence, and perpetrated almost in the very presence of the police. We have a species of house-plundering which is not burglary, where men in the garb of gentlemen walk boldly at noonday into the dwellings of the gentry at the west end and deliberately ransack them for valuables while the family are at meals; and we have house-breaking in the dead of night conducted on systematic principles, and so deftly carried out as to leave no trace to guide the investigations of the detective. We have shoplifting reduced to a science and practised by organised and educated bands, with a certainty which almost places the tradesman at the mercy of the thief. Out of doors we run the risk of maiming or death from desperadoes ever on the watch to deal the stunning blow which incapacitates a man for defending his property; and within doors we are never certain that the night will pass without an assault upon our peace. Concurrently with such grounds for dismay, we are told by those who have the guardianship of the metropolis, that there are numerous districts within it which are swarming with the vilest criminals, and where it is unsafe for any respectable person to set his foot even in the daytime. Some of these districts border so closely on the densely-thronged thoroughfares, that the dashing thief who makes a sudden raid among the passers-by can take refuge within them before the hue and cry can be raised after him, and is at once safe from all pursuit. The victim dares not follow, for fear of the bludgeon or the knife, and before the police can be got together in sufficient force to invade such a sanctuary, the criminal has had ample time to transport himself elsewhere, if indeed he thinks it worth his while to go farther, for which in the generality of instances it would seem that he has not the least occasion. The facilities offered by such thieves' rookeries serve in part to explain the increase of day robberies from the person which are so

frightful a feature of the present time, and of which unprotected women and young persons are so frequently the victims. One of the worst features of the business is the audacity with which street robberies are now committed, and the brutality which characterises them. No less alarming is the fact that for many months past they have been continually growing more numerous, and that no small proportion of them are the work of a new race of malefactors engendered by a demoralised press which thrives by the dissemination of a species of footpad literature, in which robbery, violence, and bloodshed are exhibited, in romantic guise and seductive colouring, to the admiration of the young and ignorant. Not an assize passes without proof of the destructive effects of such publications, and the punishment of amateur thieves and housebreakers whose ruin they have brought about.

London, it is evident, is becoming again what it was before the institution of the police, a sort of rogue's hunting-ground. We need hardly ask why this is so, seeing that no one who reflects for a moment can fail to recognise the cause. It is the undelightful result of our having undertaken a task for which neither the legislature nor the people were at all prepared, or were allowed time to prepare—the task, to wit, of washing our foul linen at home, instead of putting it out to be done by others.

In former days we shipped off the worst of our criminals to the distant colonies of Australia, and by that means permanently got rid of the majority of them, for very few of them ever returned. As to what became of them in their exile our forefathers did not much concern themselves. The rogues had the opportunity afforded them of reforming if they chose—if not, the chances were that they would be hanged, or be driven into the bush, there to perish by famine, or to lead the wretched life of the aborigines. Those who reformed generally did well, and numbers of them rose to respectability and consideration among the free colonists. During the twenty years between 1827 and 1846, the transportation of convicted criminals to the antipodes averaged considerably over three thousand annually, and as a result, the rising colonies became inundated with the malefactor population of the mother country. It is no wonder that the free settlers looked on this regular influx of villainy and ruffianism as an unbearable infliction, and refused longer to submit to it. It had to be discontinued, and was discontinued by degrees—Western Australia, the last convict-receiving colony, having at length closed its ports against them. As a consequence, the three thousand malefactors whom we used to send away every year have now to be dealt with in some way or other at home. But how to deal with them effectually—that is the question.

It is easy to sentence criminals to periods of imprisonment or penal servitude, but not so easy to find prison accommodation and discipline for the increasing numbers having long sentences to undergo. So a law was passed, admitting of the liberation on licence of convicts who conducted themselves with tolerable decency in prison, after they had served a moiety of their time, and remitting the remainder of the sentence. But the public soon found valid reason for protesting against the letting loose of hordes of villains who were no sooner at large than they returned to their former malpractices. To meet this reasonable protest, it was then enacted that convicts thus let out on licence, or "tickets of leave," should

be subjected, for the unexpired portion of their sentence, to the supervision of the police, although living at large and seeking their own livelihood—every licence-holder being bound to report himself at regular intervals to the police of his district, and to show that he was leading a decent and honest life. The system was found to work moderately well at first, but much better in some places than in others, and is known to have succeeded notably in Ireland. Of course the success of the plan will depend on the vigour and watchfulness of the police who have to carry it out. If a ticket-of-leave man behaves well, it is their duty to encourage him and to aid him in finding employment; if he return to evil courses they are to revoke his licence and send him back to gaol. But it is manifest that though this system is well enough in theory, it can hardly be carried out efficiently under existing circumstances. Nor is it carried out but in part: owing to the want of organised communication between the police establishments of the various districts, and to the want of any central office where the licence-holders could be registered, and, if need be, personally identified at any time, the men are able, with very little difficulty, to betake themselves to some other part of the country, to avoid supervision altogether, and to resume with small risk of discovery their predatory modes of life.

The number of evil-doers discharged every year from our convict prisons is about two thousand, the greater part of whom come out as licence-holders, and therefore come under the imperfect supervision above described. But now note this fact: concurrently with the discharge of the two thousand convicts from the government prisons, we let out a hundred thousand criminals from our county and borough gaols. Now if the police supervision is necessary for any, it is necessary for all. It is well known that the majority of the hundred thousand are professional rogues, living by rapine of some kind, and the mass of them finding their way into prison, upon an average, some three times in a year; yet for these transitory gaol-birds there is, on their dismissal, no kind of supervision prepared. A moment's reflection must convince any one that among this larger class supervision would be far more productive of reform than it can be among the smaller class subjected to it—seeing that the last-named are for the most part men totally depraved, experienced in the ways of crime, and hardened in their desperate courses. There is every reason to expect, looking to the measure of success which has attended the supervising system even among the licence-holding convicts wherever it has been fairly applied, that if it were made general, so that every known or reputed rogue, when released from prison, was subjected to surveillance, and thus prevented from returning to his old vocation—that, by this plan, the amount of crime would speedily and materially diminish. Nor is there any cause for alarm on the score of the expense which would be incurred in establishing a perfect system of surveillance applicable to all criminals. According to Sir Walter Crofton, by whom the proposal for organising such a perfect system was made last year, in a paper read at the Social Science Meeting at Birmingham, and whose knowledge and official experience entitle him to speak with authority, the cost would be comparatively trifling, and would add but a fractional amount to our present outlay. At the present time our police force

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

costs us £2,000,000 a year; our convict prisons, £300,000; the county and borough gaols, £600,000; and our several reformatories, £100,000—making a grand total of £3,000,000 a year expended in the prevention and punishment of crime. Now Sir Walter Crofton has calculated that for a further expenditure of about £6,000 a year (a mere fractional percentage on the total amount already incurred), that "missing link" in the chain which is wanted to render all this expenditure really effective would be supplied. The £6,000 a year would defray the entire charges of a central office of supervision which should embrace not merely the licence-holders of the government gaols, but all the known habit-and-repute thieves and rogues discharged from all the prisons in the kingdom. Such a central office, by availing itself of the uses of photography, and by recording the acts of offenders, might be rendered in time so complete and efficient in action as to operate at all seasons as a powerful check to crime; and there can be no doubt that the outlay it entailed would in a short period save itself many times over. If such an office were established every habit-and-repute rogue in our large towns and cities might be brought under surveillance at once without waiting for their committal to prison, for it is a fact that they are all so well known to the police of their several districts that if the fiat went forth nearly the whole of them might be arrested in twenty-four hours.*

Let us look a little more closely at the facts of this ugly problem. The number of the criminal classes in England and Wales, according to a return made in 1866, amounted to 141,000. Of this large number the known thieves, receivers, and malefactors were somewhat short of 55,000, the larger proportion of whom are always undergoing imprisonment. In league with the 55,000 known rogues are about 30,000 vagabonds, prostitutes, etc., who abet and assist them in their malpractices, and partake of their spoils. The remaining 56,000 are suspected persons of both sexes, having no ostensible honest calling, and judged therefore to be living by dishonest means. We have already shown that the cost incurred for police, prisons, etc., is three millions sterling annually; but great as is this expense, it probably bears but a small proportion to the annual loss inflicted on the community by the depredations of an army of 55,000 foes, who are perpetually at war with society—a loss which has been variously estimated at from five to ten millions a year. What are the defences which we set up against this ever active enemy? What are we doing with them? And what, in the name of justice to ourselves and to them, ought we to be doing? Fifteen years ago, when Mr. Hill, the late Recorder of Birmingham, published his admirable book "On Crime," he was able to congratulate his fellow-countrymen on its decrease, and on the brightening prospects of the future. At the present crisis he would have to sound a far different note. Hear the remarks of a thoughtful writer on this subject in the "Pall Mall Gazette": "We are tolerating, not to say nourishing, among us a vast army of intestine foes living at the expense of the industrious and peaceable classes of the community, waging against us an unremitting and predatory warfare,

often accompanied by violence, and not unfrequently by murder. This army is recruited every year by fresh numbers, and its more experienced members are busy, always when out of prison and often when in prison, in training the new hands. It costs us in one way or another about as much as our poor rate, half as much as our navy, probably nearly as much as all our civil services together. And to contend with this army of criminals we take no measures, except to catch its individual members when we can, and shut them up for a longer or shorter period, during which we feed, clothe, and house them comfortably, and then let them out to resume their hostility and depredations. We have almost given up hanging them; we have scarcely yet begun to flog them; we have been deprived of the resource of banishing them. We treat them in every way more tenderly (and more foolishly) than our armed foreign enemies, who yet hate us far less, seldom injure us as much, and are incomparably less guilty. Is it wonderful, then, that they flourish as they do, and render life and property so insecure?"

It is surely high time that we should reconsider the subject of our treatment of criminals. It is high time that something more should be done than has ever been attempted yet—and, so far as we are capable of judging, nothing could be more hopeful, nothing shows so fair a promise of ultimate success, as the carrying out at once and with vigour of Sir Walter Crofton's suggestions.

ANTARCTIC VOYAGES.

The enthusiasm for Arctic exploration has not wholly died out. Last year several expeditions were in progress, Germans and Americans having joined in the work in which English voyagers had long taken the lead. To reach the true north pole, and to solve the question of an open circumpolar sea, are the great attractions to the ambitious geographer and adventurous seaman, now that the problem of the north-western passage has been solved. Certainly we have not yet seen the last of the Arctic voyages.

But what of the Antarctic regions? What changes are taking place in the circle of the southern pole? How, for instance, has the giant fire-mountain Erebus behaved during this past year of volcanoes and earthquakes? We confess to have some curiosity about the southern as well as about the northern polar regions. The voyages thither have been few and far between. And the reason of this is obvious. Whereas the south polar, or Antarctic regions, are the way, so to speak, to no place, the north polar, or Arctic regions, bar approach to many rich and desirable parts of the world. Thus, if the north polar regions had a pleasant climate and a free ocean, what a short voyage would a ship make from England to China! To explore the Antarctic regions there was no sufficient incentive; and thus it happened, that England's own great navigator, Captain Cook, was the first who advanced farther south than the Antarctic circle. His voyage in 1773-1774, was undertaken, as he states, to ascertain whether the unexplored part of the southern hemisphere be only an immense mass of water, or whether it contains another continent, as speculative geography seemed to suggest.

Captain Cook only entered three times within the

* If this supervision were obtained, it should not be merely for the repression or punishment of ill-doers, but also for noting and encouraging those who show themselves willing to live honest and industrious lives.—ED. L. H.

Antarctic circle. The Russian commander Bellinghausen, in 1821, deprived England of the prestige she had acquired of having advanced farther than any other nation to the south, and this honour was held by Russia until January, 1841, when two English ships, the Erebus and Terror, the former commanded by Sir James Ross, the latter by Captain Crozier, advanced still nearer to the south pole than had ever been before accomplished, crowning their labours by the discovery of two large volcanoes in a mountain range covered with perpetual snow.

The Antarctic voyages of exploration undertaken by Sir James Clark Ross, R.N., originated in a recommendation of the British Association, in 1838. They were mainly prosecuted in the interests of terrestrial magnetism, a study first inaugurated by Lieut.-Colonel Sabine, of the Royal Artillery. For some time previous there had been conducted in Germany a series of magnetic observations. Professor Gauss had taken the lead, and had strenuously advised that England, with her extensive means of forwarding the common object, through the extent and wide dispersion of her possessions, should lend her powerful assistance. The British Association supported the request. They indicated the following localities as particularly important for land stations, viz.:—Canada, Ceylon, St. Helena, Van Diemen's Land, and Mauritius, or the Cape of Good Hope. They considered it also highly important that the deficiency yet existing in our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism in the southern hemisphere should be supplied by observations of the magnetic direction and intensity; especially in the high southern latitudes between the meridians of New Holland and Cape Horn. The result was as recommended: two ships of war, the Erebus and Terror, being specially fortified to resist the force of pack ice in those high latitudes, set out on the southern expedition, some particulars of which we are about to record. The ships were amply provisioned for three years, and every arrangement was made in the interior fitting of the vessels that could in any way contribute to the health or comfort of the sailors.

The route and duties were specified by Admiralty instructions. The voyagers were commanded to touch at Madeira for the purpose of obtaining the sea rates of the chronometers, also to make a short series of observations at the rock of St. Paul. Thence they were to go to St. Helena; afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope; leaving which, the explorers were commissioned to the almost unknown Antarctic regions, there to enlarge the bounds of discovery in whatever way might be possible. In the event of finding any great extent of land, the coast line was to be surveyed as far as practicable.

The great scientific object of the expedition was terrestrial magnetism; but other scientific inquiries were not to be neglected. Captain Ross had already attained the northern magnetic pole, it was now to be seen whether he might be equally fortunate in the southern hemisphere. With regard to the probable position of the southern magnetic pole, M. Gauss had indicated as the probable locality a spot corresponding with lon. 146° E., and lat. 66° S. Some philosophers had believed in the existence of two southern magnetic poles; but in this opinion M. Gauss did not coincide. As this philosopher had indicated within very moderate limits the true place of the northern magnetic pole, there were good grounds for assuming

his predictions to be correct in regard to the southern. Those who organised the Antarctic expedition deemed that the point might be accessible, at any rate approachable sufficiently near to test the accuracy of Gauss's speculation. As the sequel proved, the calculations of M. Gauss in respect to the south magnetic pole were less accurate than those in respect to the northern. It has not been attained, it never probably can be attained; but Sir James Ross considers its latitude to be nearer 76 than 66 .

Besides their strictly scientific labours, the crews of the Erebus and Terror lent kindly aid to present and future travellers in the desolate regions they visited. At one spot they would let sheep, goats, and rabbits loose; at another they would plant green vegetables and potatoes; they even were not above doing carriers' duty when provisions were wanted by some fishing, or whaling, or sealing crew, who had taken up their quarters on some out-of-the-way island. Thus they were ministers of good cheer to a party of sailors who had taken up their abode on Possession Island in quest of sea elephants. "Arrived at America Bay," writes Sir James Ross, "we saw the party on the beach, launching their boat. Mr. Hickley, their leader, came on board; and he, as well as his boat's crew, looked more like Esquimaux than civilised beings; but filthier far, in their dress and persons, than any I had ever before seen. Their clothes were literally soaked in oil, and smelt most offensively. They wore boots of penguins' skins, with the feathers turned inwards. The weather had been so tempestuous that they had been unsuccessful in the sea elephant capture; and expressed disappointment to find they were not to be removed to 'Pig Island' for the winter." This "Pig Island" must be a remarkable place, if Mr. Hickley did not exaggerate. He described it to Sir James Ross as a spot so overrun with porkers, that "you could hardly land for them." The breed was left there by Captain Distance in 1834, and, in less than six years, they had multiplied in an almost incredible manner, although great numbers are every year killed by the sealers, not only for present subsistence, but salted down for supplies on their voyages to and from the Cape. Our explorers found some goats also on Possession Island. These were also thriving on the long coarse grass there abundant, but still retained their domestic state under the protection of the sealers. The sealing party, to whom our explorers had taken provisions, seemed to have no wish to return to the Cape of Good Hope. They had plenty of food, and were quite contented. The tongue, flippers, and part of the carcase of the sea elephant were eaten by them; and they also got abundance of sea birds' eggs: that of the albatross, averaging a pound in weight, they described as being excellent. The sealers were also eulogistic about the delicious flavour of young albatross, when just taken from the nest.

From the group of which Possession Island is one, our voyagers sailed to Kerguelen Islands, so called from M. Kerguelen, a lieutenant of the French navy, by whom they were discovered in 1772. He gave so exaggerated an account of the new discovery that it was very generally believed that the great southern continent which the philosophers of that time considered necessary to maintain the balance of our earth, was at length found. Our own illustrious circumnavigator, Captain Cook, dispelled the illusion

of its being part of the great southern land. Kerguelen's Island offers much to interest the geologist. It abounds in fossil trees, some pieces so recent that it was hard to be convinced of their fossil state. All stages towards complete petrifaction are found. Some specimens burn freely like charcoal, others are so highly silicified that they even scratch glass. Kerguelen's Island also abounds in coal, as from the

flavour coarse mustard and cress. For one hundred and thirty days the crews of the two exploration vessels required no fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board. There was an abundance of food for cattle, though of land animals the explorers saw none. Taking advantage of the abundant grass, the vessels'



THE EREBUS AND TERROR STOPPED BY A GREAT BARRIER OF ICE.

number and amount of vegetable remains might have been anticipated.

Though situated in comparatively a low latitude, the vegetation of Kerguelen's Island is decidedly Antarctic. From sea, at a little distance, the island presents the appearance of absolute sterility; and when the voyager draws nearer the land, the aspect scarcely improves. A narrow belt of green grass runs along the quiet shores of the harbour, mixed with and succeeded by large rounded masses of a dirty green or rusty brown colour, due to the predominance of a curious plant. Higher on the hills, vegetation only exists in scattered tufts, the plants being the same as inhabit a lower level, and it almost ceases at an elevation of 1,000 or 1,200 feet. The cabbage-plant is the most curious vegetable production of Kerguelen's Island. To a crew long confined to salt provisions, or indeed to human beings under any circumstances, this cabbage-plant is a most important vegetable, possessing, as it does, all the essentially good qualities of its English namesake, whilst, from its containing a great abundance of essential oil, it never produces heartburn, or any of those disagreeable sensations which our pot herbs are apt to do. The leaves form heads of the size of a good cabbage lettuce. The root tastes like horseradish, and the young leaves or hearts resemble in

complement of sheep were let loose to get up their condition. This they did wonderfully, but at the same time, grew so shy that, when wanted to be killed and eaten, there was no catching them. They had to be shot when wanted; and one crafty sheep even managed to keep clear of all the rifle bullets sent after it.

The explorers next made for Van Diemen's Land, where they proposed remaining some considerable time, to erect an observatory and conduct magnetic observations, under the personal and daily superintendence of Sir John Franklin, and the zealous co-operation of Major Kelsall, of the Royal Engineers, and the able and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Howe, the clerk of the works. The observatory rose from its foundation with rapidity, being accomplished in the brief period of nine days. Sir J. Ross bears favourable testimony to the disposition of the convicts then engaged in that labour. They displayed a cheerful enthusiasm, as an instance of which he mentions, that after they had been labouring from six o'clock on the Saturday morning until ten at night, seeing that a few more hours of work would complete the roofing in, they entreated permission to finish it before they left off; but as it would have broken in upon the Sabbath morning, their request was very properly refused. "This," says Sir James,

"is one of several such instances of their disinterested zeal in the cause; for, from their unfortunate situations, they could not derive any benefit from their additional labour, and must have, on the occasion above mentioned, suffered much fatigue from their unusually prolonged exertions."

The society of Hobart Town, Sir James describes as at that time perfectly English, and therefore most agreeable to visitors from the mother country. The houses have no lack of the characteristic substantial comforts of an English residence, bordering often on elegance and luxury. One serious evil, however, the exploring party noticed—one too evident in every house they entered. The rising generation had not sufficient means of education provided. The contrast between the English parents and their grown-up children was painful. The manners and ideas of these children seemed barely equal to those of the lower uneducated classes at home.

Having completed the proposed series of magnetical investigations, the Erebus and Terror put to sea again, the rendezvous appointed being Auckland Islands, discovered by Abraham Bristow, commander of the ship Ocean, a southern whaler belonging to Messrs. Enderby, on the 18th August, 1806, during a third voyage round the world. Auckland Islands are volcanic, and are not far enough south for the climate to interfere with profuse vegetation. A low forest skirts all the shores, succeeded by a broad belt of brushwood, above which, to the summits of the hills, extend grassy slopes. The forest is composed of a dense thicket of stag-headed trees, so gnarled and stunted by the violence of the gales as to afford an excellent shelter for a luxuriant undergrowth of bright green feathery ferns, and several gay-flowered herbs. With much to delight the eye, and an extraordinary amount of new species to occupy the mind, there is a want of any of those trees or shrubs to which the voyager has been accustomed in the north. The trees have no allies in the northern hemisphere, and their mention suggests no familiar form to compare them with at home. One of the most remarkable plants is a sort of ivy, but has clusters of green waxy flowers as large as a child's head, and its round and wrinkled leaves, of the deepest green, measure a foot and a half across. The berries constitute the favourite food of the pigs that run wild on these islands. Besides pigs, the explorers found no land animals, and the land birds are all New Zealand species. Here, and mostly elsewhere in the south, where the explorers touched, the gigantic albatross was found in great numbers. The nest of this bird is formed upon a small mound of earth, of withered grass and leaves matted together, above six feet in circumference at the base, and about eighteen inches high. It is the joint labour of the male and female birds. Like most of the petrel tribe, the albatross lays only one egg, of a pure white, varying in weight from fifteen to twenty-one ounces. In one instance only, out of above one hundred nests that were examined, were two eggs found in the same nest.

Campbell Island was the next resting-place. It was discovered in 1810, by Frederick Hazelburgh, of the brig Perseverance. According to him, the island is thirty miles in circumference, the country mountainous, and there are several good harbours. The hills, from being less wooded, have a more desolate appearance than those of the Auckland Islands, and, although there is abundance of wood in the sheltered

places, the trees nowhere attain so great a height as at the Auckland Islands. The iron-bound coast and rocky mountains of Campbell Island give it the aspect of a very desolate and unproductive rock. It is not until the quiet harbours are opened that any green hue, save a few grassy spots, is seen. In these narrow bays the scene suddenly changes. A belt of brushwood forms a verdant line close to the beach. To this succeed bright green slopes, so studded with yellow flowers that they have a golden tinge, visible a full mile from the shore.

The Erebus and Terror had now been fifteen months absent from England, and the really arduous part of the expedition was now about to be entered upon. "Now," writes Sir James Ross, "that we had at length the prospect before us of entering upon those labours from which we all hoped the most remarkable and important results of our voyage might be fairly anticipated, joy and satisfaction beamed in every face; and, although I could not but look forward with much anxiety of mind to the issue of our exertions, yet this was greatly diminished by the assurance that we were in the possession of the best human means to accomplish our purposes. Our ships were in every respect most suitable for the service, with three years' provisions and stores of the best kind, and supported by officers and crews in whom I had reason to entertain the utmost confidence that they would endure every trial and hardship with credit to themselves and the country. I felt that I had nothing to desire but the guidance and blessing of Almighty God throughout the arduous duties we were about to commence, and without which all human skill and courage must prove utterly unavailing." Now came the times of real danger from pack-ice and sudden squalls; the latter more violent and more capricious than any the northern, or Arctic zone, is visited with. On January 10, 1841, the explorers were shaping their course directly for the southern magnetic pole, steering as nearly south by compass as the wind, which soon afterwards veered to the south-east, permitted. Their hopes of attaining that interesting point were now raised to the highest pitch, soon to suffer a severe disappointment. A strong "*land blink*" made its appearance in the horizon as the ships advanced, and by midnight had attained an elevation of several degrees. All were disposed to doubt what they so much apprehended, owing to its much paler colour than the land blinks seen in the northern regions; but soon after 2 A.M., Lieut. Wood, officer of the watch, reported that the land itself was distinctly seen directly ahead of the ship. It rose in lofty peaks covered with perennial snow; and when first made out, it must have been more than one hundred miles distant. The magnetic dip had increased to 86° , and the variation amounted to 44° ; observations which placed the magnetic pole in latitude 76° S., longitude $145^{\circ} 20'$ E., and distant above 500 miles from where the explorers had now arrived. Of course the land interposed an insuperable obstacle to direct approach. The explorers had to choose whether they should trace the coast to the north-west, with the hope of turning the western extreme of the land, and thence proceed south, or follow the southerly coast-line round Cape Downshire, and thence take a more westerly course. The latter was preferred, as affording the better chance; and, although the explorers could not but feel disappointed in their expectations of shortly reaching the mag-

netic pole, yet they had restored to England the honour of discovering the southernmost known land, which, having been nobly won by the intrepid Bellinghausen, had for more than twenty years been retained by Russia. After many unavailing attempts to effect a landing, this was finally accomplished. The lands were formally taken possession of in the name of the Queen. The flag of our country was planted amidst hearty cheers. Long life, health, and happiness of her Majesty and Consort were drunk; and the island on which landing was effected was called (not very distinctively) "*Possession Island*." Not the smallest trace of vegetation was seen, but myriads of penguins densely covered the whole surface of the island along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills. They attacked the explorers vigorously, pecking with their sharp beaks and disputing possession. Their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from guano, made the exploring party right glad to depart. On the main continent no landing could be effected, on account of the strength of the currents and violence of the waves. Taking advantage of every favourable breeze, tacking about amidst bergs and drift-ice in search of convenient water-lanes, the adventurous explorers managed to attain a still more southerly point, and soon, on January 27, their explorations were rewarded by a most magnificent discovery. Standing to the south, with a favourable breeze, and very clear weather, they came close to some land, which, since the preceding noon, had been in sight. It proved to be a mountain 12,400 feet above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion. At first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but on nearer approach its true character became manifest. This volcano was named "*Mount Erebus*," and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, was called "*Mount Terror*."

The journal of Sir James Ross is at this point of such romantic interest that we quote a portion in his own words ("Antarctic Voyages," vol. i., Murray):—

"The discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it '*Mount Erebus*,' and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement ten thousand nine hundred feet high, was called '*Mount Terror*'."

"A small high round island, which had been in sight all the morning, was named '*Beaufort Island*,' in compliment to Captain Francis Beaufort, of the Royal Navy, hydrographer to the Admiralty. At 4 p.m. we were in lat. $76^{\circ} 6' S.$, lon. $168^{\circ} 11' E.$; the magnetic dip $88^{\circ} 27' S.$, and the variation $95^{\circ} 31' E.$ We were therefore considerably to the southward of the magnetic pole, without any appearance of being able to approach it, on account of the land-ice, at a short distance to the westward, uniting with the western point of the '*High Island*,' which, however, afterwards proved to be part of the main land, and of which *Mount Erebus* forms the most conspicuous object. As we approached the land under all studding-sails, we perceived a low white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length

to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What was beyond it we could not imagine; for being much higher than our mast-head, we could not see anything except the summit of a lofty range of mountains extending to the southward as far as the seventy-ninth degree of latitude. These mountains, being the southernmost land hitherto discovered, I felt great satisfaction in naming after Captain Sir William Edward Parry, R.N., in grateful remembrance of the honour he conferred on me, by calling the northernmost known land on the globe by my name. Whether '*Parry Mountains*' again take an easterly trending, and form the base to which this extraordinary mass of ice is attached, must be left for future navigators to determine. If there be land to the southward, it must be very remote, or of much less elevation than any other part of the coast we have seen, or it would have appeared above the barrier. Meeting with such an obstruction was a great disappointment to us all, for we had already, in expectation, passed far beyond the eightieth degree, and had even appointed a rendezvous there, in case of the ships accidentally separating. It was, however, an obstruction of such a character as to leave no doubt upon my mind as to our future proceedings, for we might with equal chance of success try to sail through the cliffs of Dover, as penetrate such a mass. When within three or four miles of this most remarkable object, we altered our course to the eastward, for the purpose of determining its extent, and not without the hope that it might still lead us much farther to the southward. The whole coast here, from the western extreme point, now presented a similar vertical cliff of ice, about two or three hundred feet high. The eastern cape at the foot of *Mount Terror* was named after my friend and colleague Crozier, of the *Terror*, to whose zeal and cordial co-operation is mainly to be ascribed, under God's blessing, the happiness as well as success of the expedition. In compliment to the senior lieutenant of the *Erebus*, I named the western promontory at the foot of *Mount Erebus* '*Cape Bird*.' These two points form the only conspicuous headlands of the coast, the bay between them being of inconsiderable depth. At 4 p.m. *Mount Erebus* was observed to emit smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to the height of between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet above the mouth of the crater, when condensing first at its upper part, it descended in mist or snow, and gradually dispersed, to be succeeded by another splendid exhibition of the same kind in about half an hour afterwards, although the intervals between the eruptions were by no means regular. The diameter of the columns of smoke was between two and three hundred feet, as near as we could measure it; whenever the smoke cleared away, the bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible; and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down its sides until lost beneath the snow which descended from a few hundred feet below the crater, and projected its perpendicular icy cliff several miles into the ocean. *Mount Terror* was much more free from snow, especially on its eastern side, where were numerous little conical crater-like hillocks, each

of which had probably been, at some period, an active volcano; two very conspicuous hills of this kind were observed close to Cape Crozier. The land upon which Mount Erebus and Terror stand, comprised between Cape Crozier and Cape Bird, had the appearance of an island from our present position; but the fixed ice, not admitting of our getting to the westward of Cape Bird, prevented our ascertaining whether it was so or not at this time.

"The day was remarkably fine; and favoured by a fresh north-westerly breeze, we made good progress to the E.S.E., close along the lofty perpendicular cliffs of the icy barrier. It is impossible to conceive a more solid-looking mass of ice; not the smallest appearance of any rent or fissure could we discover throughout its whole extent, and the intensely bright sky beyond it but too plainly indicated the great distance to which it reached to the southward. Many small fragments lay at the foot of the cliffs, broken away by the force of the waves, which dashed their spray high up the face of them.

"Having sailed along this curious wall of ice in perfectly clear water a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, by noon we found it still stretching to an indefinite extent in an E.S.E. direction. We were at this time in lat. $77^{\circ} 47' S.$, lon. $176^{\circ} 43' E.$ The magnetic dip had diminished to $87^{\circ} 22' S.$, and the variation amounted to $104^{\circ} 25' E.$ The wind fell light shortly before noon, but we fortunately had time to increase our distance from the barrier before it fell calm; for the northerly swell, though by no means of any great height, drifted us gradually towards it without our being able to make any effort to avoid the serious consequences that must have resulted had we been carried against it. We had gained a distance of twelve or fourteen miles from it, and as the Terror was getting short of water, I made the signal to Commander Crozier to collect some of the numerous fragments of the barrier that were about us; whilst in the Erebus we were engaged making observations on the depth and temperature of the sea. We sounded in four hundred and ten fathoms, the leads having sunk fully two feet into a soft green mud. The temperature of three hundred fathoms was $34^{\circ} 2'$, and at one hundred and fifty fathoms, 33° ; that of the surface being 31° , and the air 28° . So great a depth of water seemed to remove the supposition that had been suggested, of this great mass of ice being formed upon a ledge of rock, and to show that its outer edge at any rate could not be resting on the ground.

"We had closed it several miles during the calm, but all our anxiety on that account was removed on a breeze springing up from the south-east. I went on board the Terror for a short time this afternoon, to consult with Commander Crozier, and compare our chronometers and barometers, and on my return at half-past four, we made all sail on the starboard tack to the eastward; but not being able to fetch along the barrier, and the weather becoming thick with snow, we lost sight of it before nine o'clock in the evening."

By February 17, the explorers had penetrated the pack-ice so far as to have got within ten or twelve miles of the low coast-line, when further progress was stopped. A council was held between the two commanders, who concurred in thinking that it was quite impossible to get any nearer to the pole. The attempt was therefore relinquished. This was in latitude $76^{\circ} 12' S.$, longitude $164^{\circ} E.$, and by calculation only

160 miles from the south magnetic pole. Had it been possible to have found a place of security upon any part of the coast, the explorers might have wintered in sight of the brilliant volcano, and at so short a distance from the magnetic pole, both it and the volcano might have been reached by travelling parties in the following spring. No such place was, however, discoverable, but from the multitude of observations that were made, the position of the south magnetic pole may be determined with almost as much accuracy as if it had been actually reached.

"Nevertheless," records Sir J. Ross, "it was painfully vexatious to behold, at an easily accessible distance under other circumstances, the range of mountains in which the pole is placed, and to feel how nearly that chief object of our undertaking had been accomplished; and few can understand the deep feelings of regret with which I felt myself compelled to abandon the perhaps too ambitious hope so long cherished, of being permitted to plant the flag of my country on both the magnetic poles of our globe."

Returning to Van Diemen's Land, the explorers entered the Derwent on April 6, to winter there, refit, and proceed hereafter on other Antarctic voyages of discovery. Of these we purpose to give a brief account in a future article. It is pleasing to announce that during the first voyage there had not been casualty, calamity, or sickness of any kind, every individual of both ships having been permitted, by a merciful Providence, to return in health and safety to Tasmania, their southern home.

THE DERWENTWATER PEERAGE.

UNDER the heading, "A Romance of the Peerage," the following paragraph appeared last autumn in the "Times":—

"Great excitement was caused at Hexham and the western parts of Northumberland by a lady who claims to be a descendant of Radcliffe, the last Earl of Derwentwater, taking possession of Dilston Castle, about three miles from Hexham, and claiming all the estates once belonging to that unfortunate adherent of Prince Charles, and which now belong to Greenwich Hospital. The 'Hexham Courant' gives the following account of the strange proceedings:—'Great excitement was one day occasioned in the neighbourhood of Dilston by the appearance of Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater, with a retinue of servants, at the old baronial castle of her ancestors, Dilston Old Castle, and at once taking possession of the old ruin. Her ladyship, who is a fine-looking elderly lady, was dressed in an Austrian military uniform, and wore a sword by her side in the most approved fashion. She was accompanied, as we have said, by several retainers, who were not long in unloading the waggon-load of furniture which they had brought with them, and quickly deposited the various goods and chattels in the old castle, the rooms of which, as most of our readers are aware, are without roofs, but a plentiful supply of stout tarpaulings, which are provided for that purpose, will soon make the apartments habitable, if not quite so comfortable as those which the Countess has just left. In the course of the morning her ladyship was visited by Mr. C. G. Grey, the receiver to the Greenwich Hospital Estates, who informed her she was trespassing upon the property of the Commissioners, and that he would be obliged to report the circum-

stances to their lordships. Her ladyship received Mr. Grey with great courtesy, and informed that gentleman she was acting under the advice of her legal advisers, and that she was quite prepared to defend the legality of her proceedings. The sides of the principal room have already been hung with the Derwentwater family pictures, to some of which the Countess bears a marked resemblance, and the old baronial flag of the unfortunate family already floats proudly from the summit of the fine, though old and dilapidated, tower."

After various legal processes the lady was compelled to withdraw from the position she had taken up, and the claim is, for the present, in abeyance. The event, however, caused no little excitement at the time, and it has recalled attention to an interesting episode in national history as well as in the fortunes of the Derwentwater family.

Few if any of the adherents of the Stuart cause are remembered with more genuine feelings of respect than James Radcliffe, third and last Earl of Derwentwater. This is more especially the case in the north of England, where to this day the noble character of the man remains a traditional subject of interest. He was beheaded in London on Friday, the 24th of February, 1716, when in the 27th year of his age. Before his execution, and while a prisoner in the Tower, he sent for an undertaker, and expressed to him the desire to be buried at Dilston, and that he wished his coffin should bear, on a silver plate, an inscription stating or implying that he died "a sacrifice for his lawful sovereign." The undertaker refused, through fear, to assist in the fulfilment of these wishes.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the Earl was conducted from his room to die. After being taken in a hackney coach to the City Bars, Father Pippard says, "he walked majestically to the place of execution." Father Pippard was the chaplain who attended the Earl during the last fifteen days of his life. In his account of the last days and the execution, he describes a wretched scene that occurred on the scaffold, such scenes not being uncommon in the days of public executions. "A strife arose about his wig between the keeper from the Tower, who came with him, and the executioner; the like conduct arose about his velvet clothes." When this was over, the executioner said, "I ask your lordship's forgiveness." The Earl replied, "With all my heart; I forgive all my enemies; I forgive the most malicious of them, and I do forgive you."

When the fatal blow was struck, Father Pippard says, "That vast multitude really seemed to give a groan, not unlike the hollow noise of the sea at a distance." If the people of London, to whom the Earl was a stranger, could sympathise deeply with his fate, much stronger must have been the sorrow of the people of Northumberland when they heard—

" How the young Earl had given
His soul up to Heaven,
Still fresh with the brightness of youth;
How his last prayer was made
'Neath his murderer's blade,
For his country, his king, and for Truth."

The Earl's only son, it is commonly believed, died in 1731, at the age of nineteen. His only daughter, at the age of seventeen, married Robert James, the eighth Lord Petre, on the 2nd of May, 1732. Charles Radcliffe, the brother of the unfortunate Earl, was

born on the 3rd of September, 1693. He was arrested for the same crime for which his brother was executed, but managed to escape to France. He returned in a few years, and in 1724 married the Countess of Newburgh. By this lady he had three sons, James Bartholomew Radcliffe, Clement Radcliffe, and Charles Radcliffe; and four daughters, Charlotte, Barbara, Thomasina, and Mary. During the rebellion in 1745 in favour of the Young Pretender Charles Edward, Charles Radcliffe was taken on board a French vessel, and beheaded on the 8th of December, 1746.

The estates of the Radcliffe family were confiscated, and the revenues transferred to Greenwich Hospital. All other attainders for adherence to the house of Stuart have been reversed but that of the Radcliffe family. Other families engaged in the same cause for which the Earl suffered have had their estates returned to them, but the only favour that has been shown to any of this family in answer to many appeals was a rent-charge of £2,500 per annum, given in 1787 to Anthony James, Earl of Newburgh, the grandson of Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater. This man died without issue in December, 1814. He is stated to be the last heir male of the Derwentwater family.

There were, undoubtedly, other descendants of Charles Radcliffe, by his three sons and four daughters already mentioned; and Lady Amelia Radcliffe, who took possession of Dilston Castle, and who claims the estates, may be one of them. But a more direct claim is represented by her friends as follows:—

"This lady, Countess of Waldstein Waters, is the lineal descendant of the Hon. John Radcliffe, son of James, Earl of Derwentwater, whose life fell a sacrifice in 1716 to his attachment to the cause of the Stuarts. The circumstances of her history are briefly as follows:—The Earl left a son, the Hon. John Radcliffe, and a daughter, Anna Maria, who afterwards married the eighth Lord Petre. The son, although he lost his title of nobility by the attainder of his father, was admitted tenant in tail of all his settled estates, and the fortune of the Earl's daughter was also raised and paid out of the same. The Earl's son was in possession of the estates during sixteen years, and had he lived to attain twenty-one, he might have effectually dealt with them so that they could not at any future time have been affected by the attainder of his noble father, or of his uncle, Charles Radcliffe. Upon his supposed or reputed death in 1731, without issue, the estates were confiscated by the crown, notwithstanding the fact that collateral relatives were living at the time. On the authority of documents in possession of the lady above referred to, it is affirmed that the Hon. John Radcliffe did not die in France in 1731, as reported, but that he escaped to Germany, where he married the Countess of Waldstein Waters, and died at the age of eighty-six. His grand-daughter—the Countess of Waldstein Waters—has laid her claims before the British Government. She was acknowledged as a peer's daughter of England by Lord Palmerston, who, in April, 1865, wrote to her under the title of the Lady Amelia Matilda Mary Tudor Radcliffe. Pictures, jewels, plate, and other heirlooms which have remained in the possession of the family, have been lately removed from Germany by the Lady Amelia to her residence at Blaydon-on-Tyne, where they bear testimony to the facts of this remarkable history."

The ruins of Dilston Castle stand on a well-wooded hill, commanding a beautiful prospect of the valley of the Tyne in the direction of Hexham. The property transferred to Greenwich Hospital not only includes the lands of Dilston, but the lands and royalties of the barony of Lungley, the manor and lands of Melton, the lands and barony of Wark, estates near Hexham, and other lands, comprising in all about 41,000 acres.

It is very probable that one reason why successive governments have so obstinately refused to restore the estates to the Radcliffe family, is the fact that the proceeds of the property, although said to have been greatly mismanaged, are applied to so noble a purpose as that of maintaining indigent and disabled seamen.

One of the claimants of the Derwentwater estates has but lately passed beyond the want of earthly possessions. Richard Radcliffe Pond, who for some time tried to establish his claim to the estates, died at his residence in Brixton last February.

MUSSULMAN DIET;

OR, THE FOOD AND DRINK I MET WITH IN THE MAHOMMEDAN EAST.

BY HERMANN VÁMBÉRY, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA."

III.

My readers will think it a bold undertaking to describe the drinks of the Islamic East. In our very childhood we were taught the proverb—

"The Mussulman drinks no wine,
And holds unclean all swine."

I am afraid that in what I am about to describe, from my own observation, I must contradict the popular idea as to the use of spirituous liquors among the disciples of the Arabian prophet. I must affirm, once and for all, that, while in the west the number of men who practise drinking in moderation is large, but of those who get habitually drunk comparatively small, in the east the case is exactly reversed; in other words, the object of eastern nations in drinking spirituous liquors is intoxication, and not the enjoyment of drinking as it is here understood. "Drink no intoxicating drinks," was the commandment of Mahomed, intending thereby to prevent the neglect of religious duties. The interpreters and scholiasts of the Koran have drawn 613 hedges round this one injunction, as the Jews did with other commandments; but all in vain. The palliating devices, by which the words of the sober Arabian legislator are often circumvented and explained away, have frequently surprised me immensely. In Constantinople I had a mollah, who in a singular manner became ill every evening at half-past seven o'clock. Scarcely did his mundane holiness feel the smallest symptoms of a headache, when his servant made his appearance, wearing an aspect of the utmost solemnity, with a large black bottle; the bottle bearing in large Arabic letters the inscription "*Iladsh*" (medicine). I noticed the pious and devotional mien with which my invalid teacher poured down glass after glass of this pretended draught of Esculapius. And behold the wonder! After the sixth glass his face cheered up: all trace of sickness, ill-humour, and melancholy disappeared, and cheerfulness and merriment took its place. The mysterious contents of that bottle shall no longer remain a secret. It

was raki, genuine "mastich" from the Isle of Chios; and as this fluid must not be drunk under its legitimate name, they take it as "medicine"!

The most sumptuous, elegant, and comparatively the most moral drinking-bouts throughout the whole East are met with on the shores of the Bosphorus. It is usually in the evening, and, what is very remarkable, before supper, that the Turks cheer themselves with a cup, or, as the Arabian proverb runs: *El arak daf ul merak* (aracch chases melancholy). *Tshakmak*, i.e., to carouse, drink, the real expression for taking spirituous liquors, is generally looked upon as forbidden. The Turk, whether effendi, pasha, or of whatever rank in society, will himself protest vigorously, should he be accused of such a violation of the law. In his eyes the raki which he takes before supper is simply for the purpose of taking off the edge of his appetite, like the *zakusky* of the Russians, or such as we have in Hungary under the name of *papra margó*, and occasionally in Western Europe in the shape of a glass of absinthe. But if we are satisfied with one small glassfull, our friends the Turks are in the habit of multiplying it; and often so much, that the clear transparent fluid, which is prepared of a saccharine resin, draws such a bright veil before the eyes, that when arriving at table, the commonest diet appears to them "food for the gods." I have never been able, after long observation, to discover exactly wherein the enjoyment consists of sitting down to table in a half-fuddled state. Many of the sober Europeanised Turks are really against it; and yet we shall meet with only a few among the high Turkish functionaries of the present day, who, on returning home from their office, and after having deposited the heavy *torba* (portfolio) by their side on the divan, would not immediately be presented with an elegant little flask and some small glasses. Even when in no other company but his own, the grave Osmanli will be able to derive stealthy enjoyment from his glass of raki, for, to make use of an expression of his own, the liquor "gives a polish to the mind and a new brilliancy to the eyes." The saying, that the eyes should be provided with two strong glasses to realise fully the marvellous beauty of the Bosphorus, is extremely characteristic, our crafty Turks meaning thereby two glasses of raki. Convivial drinking-bouts take place either among neighbours or at extraordinary banquets. On these occasions the large round table in the room is covered with several bottles, but especially with a variety of small dishes which contain the *meze*, the light meal which accompanies the drinking, consisting chiefly either of sweetmeats, rare sorts of cheese, olives, bread-crums, hazel-nuts, pistachio-nuts, or dried fruit. How delightful is the remembrance of those hours which I have spent in such company, not in the enjoyment of raki, but of contemplation and psychological studies! That solemn, ice-cold, marble-like silence, and that profound gravity, pervading every feature of each individual guest, before the first glass was emptied! After the first glass it is only the high and mighty (I have been present at drinking-bouts of grand viziers and a minister of foreign affairs), who permitted themselves to drop a few words, generally some graceful remarks, as pearls of eloquence from the rich treasury of their mouth. After the second glass their inferiors in rank and office will venture the same; and after the third or fourth a certain movement and buzz of conversation becomes perceptible among the company. The fifth or sixth sets

them all astir, and they begin an interchange of civilities and of conversation. His Highness N. N. rises, goes to the table, and takes a glass of *meze* with such gracefulness, such smiling condescension, that the recipient of this honour feigns surprise and embarrassment at such a distinction; full of confusion, he seizes the glass, empties it in a moment together with the *meze*, and having placed the empty glass upon the table, quickly returns to his seat, in order to manifest his gratitude by a profound *temena*.

I said that the highest in rank began, but soon all etiquette disappears. Half an hour later, and all is pell-mell and in confusion: young and old, great and small, have become united in the bonds of fellowship, although all the time squatting cross-legged on the divan. Many things are permitted, much is pardoned, and in such moments the vizier's ring and the marshal's staff lose their all-important significance, together with the endless string of titles of every description. At a given signal musicians appear, who, creeping along the wall, squat down in a corner of the room, and, accompanied by a genuine eastern instrument, the *kanun* (psaltery), sing songs, the sentiment of which is often well expressed; but, alas! the melody is to our ear full of terrible discordance. Strange that the choice compositions of our first musicians produce the very same effect upon an Oriental.

These drinking-bouts, which in the modest form of a prelude are introduced before a Turkish meal, often last two, three, or four hours; nay, frequently, they are continued far into the night. Bottles of raki and dishes with *meze* are incessantly replenished and served afresh. To judge from the enormous quantity of cheese, fruit, and salads, which are taken as accompaniments of the intoxicating liquor, one would think that a Turk could have little or no appetite left for his regular meal, and would look upon this means for breaking hunger rather as a sure way of destroying it. Nevertheless, I have seldom observed that it proved in any degree prejudicial to the long series of dishes that followed; and it rarely happens that a Turk becomes so far intoxicated as, for instance, not to be able to hold himself upright at table.

At the time of my residence in Turkey, after the Crimean war, when she enjoyed an apparent prosperity in her diplomatic relations, when the ministry of finance was fully occupied with the printing of *kaine* (paper-notes), there were few Turkish houses where in the evening this liquor was forgotten. Two hours after sunset, not only the master of the house, but the *tshibuktshi* and even the *avase* (Armenian servants of the lowest grade), are drawn into the universal vortex of intoxication. No doubt this habit still continues, for to those who dwell on the shores of the Bosphorus, that most enchanting spot on earth, the temptation is strong to escape from the monotony of every-day life into an unnatural state of excitement. In the pleasant and airy dwellings beside the most beautiful marine highway of the world, nothing is easier than to indulge in sweet dreams of thoughtless indolence and repose. During the day the Turkish functionary has enough to endure from the uncivil demeanour of the dragomans, the sharp and peremptory notes from our embassies, the never-failing tidings of misery from the provinces. More than once there must steal over his mind some forebodings of the approaching ruin of his country

the fear of the dark shadow of the northern colossus. But in the evening, when the blue and fairy-like firmament kindles its myriads of lights, whose splendour is reflected in the waters of the Bosphorus of a still deeper blue, then the Turk is accustomed to drown the bitter remembrance of dragomans, diplomatic notes, Russophobia, etc., in a deep and brimming glass of raki. In Constantinople, therefore, the use of spirituous liquors is exceptional in purpose, and certainly not to be regarded, as elsewhere in the east, as a means of complete intoxication, although they are not taken for the purpose of aiding digestion.

Having given this unfavourable report of the upper classes, I have the more pleasure in testifying, as to the large majority of the people, that they are strikingly temperate. I have remarked the same everywhere in those countries which lie still farther east; a circumstance which forms a strong point of contrast between Asia and Europe, since the number of drunkards is with us comparatively much larger in the lower than in the higher orders of society. This is the reason why, throughout the Ottoman empire, the class of effendis alone—that is to say, those who are numbered among the men of superior intelligence—transgress in this respect the commandment of the prophet. In the seaport towns on the Mediterranean the *hasirliks* (large bottles covered with wicker-work made of rushes, in which the raki is kept) form still a favourite domestic utensil. In those places where, in spite of the adoption of Islamism, Greek customs and habits predominate, a great deal of drinking is practised; but on the whole the mass of the Mahomedan population in Turkey, as well as in Persia, is distinguished as much from all the other nations of the east, as the Turks in particular from the rest of the Mahomedans, for temperance and sobriety.

What strikes most of all, in this respect, every observer of national customs, is that everywhere all other drinks are preferred to wine. The celebrated wine of Cyprus, and the not less famous wine of the islands of the Archipelago, enjoy with us a high reputation, but in the east they are drunk seldom, and with a sort of repugnance. It is objected, that they thicken the blood too much, and deprive a man of his appetite; and a host of other reasons are alleged, all of which I take to be merely excuses. The whole rests upon the interpretation of the word *sharab* (wine), the use of which the prophet mentioned in his catalogue of sins as equal in enormity to the use of pork. Considered philologically, this is of course an error, for *sharab* does not mean wine in particular, but drink in general; but as, at the time of Mahomed, brandy, and especially *mastich*, was no doubt comparatively little known, his followers, by evading the exact term for the juice of the grape, believe that they may open wide the door with impunity to the use of all other spirituous liquors, safe from the avenging justice of a sin-punishing God.

The same may be said to exist in most of the large towns of the Ottoman empire. The Arabian population of Damascus, Aleppo, Beyrouth, etc., are accustomed to charge solely their hateful enemies, the Turks, with the introduction of this vice. Yet those versed in history will recognise in this accusation nothing but sheer animosity; and as in ancient times, so at the present day, there are sad tipplers to be found in the most sacred cities of Islam, and not merely in Jerusalem and in other places of pilgrimage, but even in Mecca and Medina, in the very

closest neighbourhood of the holy tomb. A friend of mine, not particularly pious, but of very joyous disposition, informed me that annually a considerable quantity of *zemzemwater* (a wonder-working, most sacred fluid) is secretly exported from the holy cities in those very *hasirliks*, or vessels in which raki had been imported.

In Persia the use of spirituous liquors is little restricted; though there also only the higher classes are addicted to drinking. In the north, especially in those parts which are inhabited by Turks, brandy is chiefly consumed, the famous wine of Kachit being only served on the tables of the great; in the south, where the excellent wine called *chulari* is grown, equal in quality to our Tokay, and where Hafiz sings his songs of the ruby-coloured wine, more of that beverage is drunk, although there too many people distil brandy from the grape. In Iran, the number of consumers is comparatively smaller than in Turkey; but this fact must be ascribed not so much to the abstemiousness as to the poverty of the people; for where you find among the Turkish effendis two drunkards to ten consumers of raki, the proportion is more than half in Persia. I venture even to say, that the inhabitant of Iran does not desist from the orgies which invariably accompany a drinking-bout until he is so intoxicated as to be totally senseless.

It must be considered a great abnormity, that in Iran even women, but only the wives of the great, habitually indulge in drinking, either when alone, or in the company of their husbands. In Turkey this is unheard of, and we meet with it only among the lowest Hetaire. The time for a drinking-bout in Iran, as well as everywhere in the east, is the evening; with this difference, however, that there the periodical carouse is seldom interrupted by the supper. People drink, as is the custom especially in the south of Persia, simply and solely to get thoroughly intoxicated; occasionally they eat, in lieu of the *meze* of the Turks, some dish which increases their appetite for drink. I observed, however, everywhere that this is only a secondary object to a Persian. By the name of *bazm* (revels) he understands wine, boon-companions, and low women, to amuse him by their obscene dances and ribaldry.

In Constantinople, and in all the large towns of Turkey, the number of habitual drinkers is far larger than in the country, and in Iran also I have found this to be the case. Here, singularly enough, it is likewise at the most holy and most celebrated places of pilgrimage that boon-companions assemble for jollity and carouse. This fact struck me especially at Meshed, where well-informed persons estimate the number of tipplers at more than two-thirds of the whole population. From here farther northward, that is, on the Turkoman plateau, one rarely meets with drinkers of spirituous liquors, with the exception of some notorious kidnappers, who live exclusively by the fruits of their bold marauding, and whose ordinary life is essentially nomadic. These people alone will venture, and that quite in secret, to treat themselves to the contents of a bottle. They are, however, the most despised in their tribe. I shall never forget the scene when, during my sojourn on the Gærgen, I witnessed how some mollahs, accompanied by several grey-headed old men, surprised a tent full of carousers, and, separating them, laid about with their whips right and left in the most brutally violent manner, and ill-used them pitifully. To kidnap and murder human creatures, to plunder

each other heartlessly, is not and cannot be punished; but drinking, the *ne plus ultra* of abominations in the eyes of a Turkoman, is visited alone with this terrible chastisement.

In Central Asia I should designate the use of intoxicating drinks as limited, for in Bokhara and Khiva every one who is caught in *flagrante delicto* is put to death without mercy. Nevertheless, in spite of this extreme severity, it is a remarkable fact that some of the slaves, and of course generally Persian slaves, who have acquired their freedom and settled there, venture to indulge in so dangerous an enjoyment. Brandy is more popular than wine. The former is clandestinely imported from Russia, while the latter is fabricated by the native Jews, who, under the pretext that its use is prescribed to them by their religion, contrive to purchase, at a high price, the right of manufacture. The great abstemiousness of the tribes of Turkestan might take a stranger by surprise, had not religious hypocrisy invented a substitute, and that a dangerous one, in the use of opium and other narcotics, which, being not expressly forbidden by their religion, have spread among the higher classes as much as wine and brandy in Turkey and Persia.

Exemplary abstemiousness, so far as I can judge by report, is only to be met with among the settled inhabitants of Chinese Tartary. They abjure all narcotics as well as spirituous liquors, although they are not wholly unacquainted with their use. It is the Chinese, who intoxicate themselves with *samschu* or opium, who serve to warn them of the terrible effects of this vice. Among the Affghans, likewise, the use of spirituous liquors has not become rooted and inveterate, in spite of their close intercourse with the Hindus on the one side, and the Persians on the other. Only a few grandes, it is said, who have lived for some time abroad, clandestinely transgress the commandment of the prophet; but the vast majority of the natives of Kabul, Kandahar, Guznee, and other places, abstain from the use of wine and brandy as scrupulously as from that of pork.

Many of my European readers will be surprised to learn how Mahomedans can possibly act in defiance of the strict injunction of their religion; and their surprise will be increased when I mention that in Persia and Turkey a comparatively large number of mollahs and priests, not even excepting the highest, habitually offend in this respect. The answer rests upon a doctrine which is regarded as one of the chief pillars of Islamism. It is, that every sin, of whatever description, can expect to be forgiven, if fully confessed and immediately repented of. In daily life, should a bad word escape the lips of a Mahomedan, he believes that he can make amends for his offence by the exclamation, "*Töbe istagfar Allah*" (repentance, may God pardon); and there are people, who either once a week or annually, before the month Rhamazan, undergo a general *töbe*. Drinkers, therefore, will every year go through a large or small *töbe*, according to the weight on their conscience. During Rhamazan the Mahomedan abstains not merely from liquor itself, but even from the mention of its name. He suffers, poor fellow, and no sooner has the time of the *töbe* expired, than he begins anew. Thus they all continue drinking from year to year, with the exception of the period of the *töbe*; and yet consider that as "true believers" they are saved from evil consequences in a future state.